

American
JUNIOR RED CROSS
March 1930 **NEWS** *"I Serve"*



Sara and Finn



LA BELLE FERRONNIÈRE

BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

The Teacher's Guide

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

The March News in the Schools

Classroom Index

Art Appreciation:

"The Great Leonardo," through its human interest approach, will lead pupils to a broader study of this master's works. It reminds the reader of the book reviewed in the January *TEACHER'S GUIDE*—*Story Lives of Master Artists*, by Chandler. This story and the Leonardo story in that book, supplement rather than duplicate each other.

Citizenship:

"Doings of American Juniors," and "The World Around" report a variety of active citizenship.

Geography and History:

Albania—"March First in Albania" (Editorials).

Italy—"The Great Leonardo" interprets the Florence of the Medicis as well as Leonardo.

Japan—Back cover.

Norway—"From the Far North;" "The Calendar Picture for March."

Sweden—"Sara, the Sun Child;" "Lapp Children at School."

United States—Indian folklore, "A Journey to Kachina Land." For other stories of Indian children, written for primary-graders, remember *Many Snows Ago*, reviewed in the November *TEACHER'S GUIDE*. Colorado, "Barela Mesa."

Other countries—"The World Around."

English Literature:

"About the Wind."

Nature:

"An Owl's Nest Is His Castle."

Primary Grades:

"Sara, the Sun Child," "An Owl's Nest Is His Castle," "A Journey to Kachina Land," and "About the Wind" are interesting to read or tell to younger readers.

Decennial Certificates

From the Pacific Branch Office, comes a request that may be pertinent to some schools in other areas, as well:

"I would like to suggest that the *TEACHER'S GUIDE* carry another announcement to the effect that decennial certificates will be issued to those schools which submit a statement that they have had continuous enrollment for ten years. Not all teachers know that they should apply for these certificates, and it is pretty difficult to go through all our files and get the list."

A New English Text

ENGLISH IN ACTION. By J. C. Tressler. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. Bk. I, \$1.60; Bk. II, \$1.76.

The spirit of the book is set by the color frontispiece of a small boy at bat. The pedagogy is that of the newer texts, with much emphasis on conversation and other forms of oral composition. The rationale of grammar as taking form—but ever a flexible form—through usage is emphasized. Children are even let into such worldly secrets as that "It is me" is good conversational usage. The chapter on Writing Verse might be better if it were about Writing Poetry instead, and treated Versification in relation to Poetry as Grammar is treated in relation to Usage. But this older method of learning prosody results at least in good limericks. More discouraging is the persistent mixing of sit-set, lie-lay in practice. The way that most composition texts teach these mental twisters is just about as bad as it can be, and this text is neither better nor worse than most. It doesn't spoil the book—for you can skip those pages. Book I is for the ninth and tenth grades, and it is a good, usable text.

Civics Based on Fundamental Conceptions

COMMUNITY CIVICS. By Arthur W. Dunn. D. C. Heath & Co., Revised 1929.

The revision brings up to date a book that teaches not rules, but living. One paragraph may be quoted as a fair example of the sane, fundamental reasoning on the problems of our community life:

"The statement that 'all men are created equal' has troubled many people when they have thought of the obvious inequalities that exist in natural ability and opportunity. But whatever inequalities may exist, people are absolutely equal in their right to satisfy the wants described in this chapter. These are the 'unalienable rights' which the Declaration of Independence sums up in the phrase 'life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.' That community is best to live in that most nearly provides equal opportunity for all its citizens to enjoy these rights. From the Declaration of Independence to the present day our great national purpose has been to increase this opportunity, even though at times we have apparently not been conscious of it, and even though we have fallen short of its fulfillment. One of the chief objects of our study is to find out how our communities are seeking to accomplish this purpose."

Mechanics of government are made clear. Human needs are not limited by material hungers, but include the social, esthetic and spiritual wants. Topics for discussion, within the range of boy and girl interests, are discussion topics in an honest sense, topics that will help boys and girls to grow in their thinking, and the thinking will lead to action. The community is the world.

Developing Calendar Activities for March

Classroom Index for the Month's Activities

This classroom index of activities, given for use in connection with each month's CALENDAR page, is meant as a time-saver for teachers, showing them at a glance whether there are activity suggestions appropriate for their classes. It is meant not as a substitute for, but a guide to the CALENDAR itself. Opportunities this month include preparation of gifts in the following classes—

Cooking:

Gifts for St. Patrick's Day; gifts for Easter.

Clubs:

St. Patrick's Day Program (see discussion below); Easter flower cart.

Drawing and Art:

St. Patrick's and Easter favors; containers for Easter flower cart; soap models of national buildings or memorials; Indian designs on Easter eggs.

English:

St. Patrick's Day Program (see discussion below); school correspondence (see Good Will Day Activity below).

Geography:

Picture puzzle map of the United States or one's own state; holiday postcard showers for foreign schools.

Music:

St. Patrick's program (see discussion below).

Nature:

Easter flower cart.

Sewing and Other Handwork:

Gifts for Sailor's Christmas bags; St. Patrick's favors; Easter gifts.

Primary Grades:

Easter book for sick-a-bed children; Easter flower cart.

Exhibits of World Good Will May 18

The CALENDAR for May suggests that schools hold an exhibit of material received from other countries on World Good Will Day. The following letter, received late in January, as this issue of the GUIDE is being written, from the office of the League of Red Cross Societies, in Paris, says that the project will be recommended to other countries and makes practical suggestions:

The projects for exhibitions of school correspondence and for setting a day by which all overdue answers should be sent appear especially promising. Not only are we anxious to do what we can to make these projects successful in your country, but we also hope to have them promoted in other countries. Although the stencils for our January School Correspondence Secretaries' Bulletin were already cut when your letter was received, we are adding a discussion of this project in a prominent manner.

In order that fresh portfolios may be on hand for the Good Will Day exhibitions, we are suggesting that *March 31*, rather than *May 18*, be set as an international ANSWER DAY. Barring translation difficulties caused by a sudden rush of correspondence, most portfolios in the mail by *March 31* should be delivered to the schools early in May. As the distances at which we have to work make *March 31* a rapidly approaching date, the results this year may not be all that we hope. However, a good precedent will be set for following years. We congratulate your office on suggesting this promising addition to Good Will Day observation.

Here, then, is a chance for a double-edged activity—planning a Good Will Day Exhibit in your own school of material both old and new; and sending replies to all your own unanswered correspondence by *MARCH 31*, if that is humanly possible; if not, as soon after that date as you can.

St. Patrick's Day Music

Those who know Ireland intimately are likely to resent the superficial view presented by "professional Irishmen." The suggestions given below are made upon recommendation of S. E. Thornton, a citizen of the United States, but a native of Dublin, where he lived during childhood and youth.

In preparing a concert of Irish songs for St. Patrick's Day, there will be a chance to distinguish between authentic Irish lyrics and popular so-called Irish songs produced in America. "Mother Machree," charming in its own right, does not belong among the folk songs of Ireland. An excellent collection of both the earlier and the more modern folk melodies is found in "Sixty Irish Songs," edited by William Arms Fisher (Oliver Ditson Company). This is the most inclusive set, but many of the better known songs can be found in popular school collections.

Tom Moore is the poet one thinks of first. Most older pupils are already familiar with "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," "The Last Rose of Summer," and "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls." In connection with preparing the program, an interesting study may be made of Tara—using popular encyclopedias as a start. This song and "The Minstrel Boy," also by Moore, are the two traditionally sung on St. Patrick's Day in the schools of Ireland.

Others that might be listed are "Barney O'Hea," "A Broken Song" (either of these might be adapted as a duo), "Little Mary Cassidy," "The Leprechaun" (young children will enjoy this poem whether or not they sing the song), "The Little Red Lark," "The Ninepenny Fiddle," "The Ould Plaid Shawl," "Over the Hills and Far Away," "The Wearing of the Green," "By the Lakes of Killarney," "My Love's an Arbutus," and perhaps most delightful of all, "My Little Kerry Cow." All these furnish good material also for lyric readings. Others will be found in the Irish section of Van Doran's "World Anthology of Poetry." For authentic folklore, P. W. Joyce in "Old Irish Folk Music and Song" is the authority.

Irish Fairy Tales

IRISH FAIRY TALES. By James Stephens. Macmillan Co., New York, \$2.50.

Because this book of fairy tales is for older as well as younger readers, I wish that there was a preface telling where the author got his thunder. For thunder it is, a glorious, symphonic kind. There are tales of wonder and the supernatural that leave one feeling very round-eyed. The best parts, though, are the human errors and sublimities, the rapid Celtic wit, the glowing poetry, the philosophy that cuts true and deep.

Here are some of the Irish turns: Of a marriage, "It was part of their understanding that they should live happily ever after." Of three excessively hideous Medusas, Conan remarks, "One could not call them handsome." Fionn replies, "One could, but it would not be true."

"The Boyhood of Fionn" is the most beautiful story of all: a story of how his guardians "saw the food they put into his little frame reproduce itself lengthways and sideways in tough inches, and in springs and energies that crawled at first and then toddled and then ran:" of how

(Continued on page 3)

Junior Red Cross in Smaller Schools

Materials for Making Gifts

Through a special arrangement with the U. S. Department of Commerce, the Junior Red Cross has obtained for free distribution on request a limited number of the booklet "You Can Make It." This booklet was prepared by the National Committee on Wood Utilization, and contains specific instructions for making more than 100 useful or entertaining articles, with nothing more than second-hand boxes and odd pieces of lumber. Playground equipment, camp, home, and school conveniences, games or toys that may be given others, are among the numerous articles. Diagrams make the instructions easy to carry out. The general instructions with which the book begins give a simple technic that will guide the boys and girls or the teacher who directs them in their construction. The pamphlet will be sent to rural or small schools free. Send requests to National or Branch Headquarters Offices.

Youthful Makers

BUSY CARPENTERS. By James S. Tippet. World Book Co., Yonkers on the Hudson, \$0.68.

This little book, for children from seven to ten, narrates in rime the adventures of young carpenters who learn about their surroundings by building a miniature city. The color illustrations decorate the poems appropriately. The poems themselves are best shown by quotation. Here is one universal human experience, called "Do Not Touch," with its lesson in self-control:

Any painter likes to try
The paint to see if it is dry.
And then right there as like as not
His fingers leave a smudgy spot.

The ultimate satisfaction in accomplishment is summed up in "Our Little Town"—

We stand up tall
And we look proudly down.
We see the stores and houses
In a gay little town.

We see the white church
With the tall church steeple.
We see the green trees
And all the little people.

We stand up tall
And we look proudly down
At the houses we built
For our play town.

Exchanging Construction Work

An exchange between two large schools (the Lane School of Akron, Ohio, and the Rice Boarding School for Indian pupils) may contain ideas for smaller schools, too. Certainly the letter from the teacher in the Indian school shows both the delight in receiving gifts made by Junior Red Cross schoolmates and equal delight in reciprocal activity:

My pupils and I wish to thank you very kindly for the toothbrush holders and materials you sent us. The children were especially delighted that the little scissors had colored handles.

They also remembered the little doll house received last year, and their own making of the bows and arrows. Did those children ever receive any little Apache papooses? If not, my Juniors thought they might make some for them, also some beadwork and Indian designs, or a portfolio on Apacheland, if that would be appreciated.

My third grade thought they would be interested in hearing more of the Lane School and the country around about, also about their sports and games, or some toys. I am sure a little toy sled would be a novelty to them or some little snow scenes, or any other service activities. Whatever the Lane Juniors would like to do, along any line, I am sure will be appreciated.

Postcard Showers for Foreign Holidays

A postcard shower from a school in Morgantown, W. Va., sent to South America on Columbus Day brought the following response from the President of the Junior Red Cross in the Modern School of Bogota, Colombia. The acknowledgment interprets admirably the spirit in which these holiday showers should be prepared:

I have the pleasure of referring to your most kind letter dated October 28 last which was accompanied by several beautiful postcards sent by the pupils of the 6-A grade of one of the Morgantown schools as a remembrance to their South American school fellows on Columbus Day.

I was greatly pleased with the fine idea you had in taking advantage of the commemoration of this great historical event to stimulate sentiments of brotherhood and union between the children of the two Americas. The Gimnasio Moderno is at present on vacation and for this reason I have been unable to pass the postals on to some of the pupils so that they may respond to this very charming gesture of their North American comrades, but I shall do it when the courses of the coming year begin.

Irish Fairy Tales

(Continued from page 2)

"the tree that was climbed was not worthwhile when it had been climbed twice:" yet—

"It was pleasant to stand on a branch that swayed and sprang, and it was good to stare at an impenetrable roof of leaves and then climb into it. . . . When he looked down there was an undulating floor of leaves, green and green and greener to a very blackness of greeniness; and when he looked up there were leaves again, green and less green and not green at all, up to a very snow and blindness of greeniness; and above and below and around there was sway and motion, the whisper of leaf on leaf, and the eternal silence to which one listened and at which one tried to look." Fionn's guardians were trying to rear him in secret, but "you cannot hide a boy. He will rove unless you tie him to a post, and he will whistle then."

Poets apparently had fine times in those days. It was taken for granted that Fionn's own education would not be complete till he had lived for some time with a poet. Then, as now, there was war. But when rage-maddened battlers prolonged their insane self-destruction, the poets were summoned and these formed a circle and chanted their songs about the warriors till little by little they saw white again instead of red, and peace prevailed before quite everyone was annihilated.

The deeper philosophy of the book is a thread glinting unobtrusively through humor, beauty, and sheer thrill. One longs to share it by extended quotation, but that would still leave you outside Ireland's Faery. Reading the book will let you in.

Friendly Cooperation with Blind Schoolmates

THERE is still opportunity for schools to present a brailled copy of *Friends in Strange Garments*, by Upjohn, to schools for the blind. Our national objective of placing at least one copy in every school for the blind in the United States is nearing realization, but in the Southern States and in the Midwest, some schools are still unprovided for. Orders, accompanied in each case with a check for \$3, should be sent to Mrs. Bruce Clark, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. The book will be sent according to request, either to the school giving it or the School for the Blind to which it is given. National or Branch Headquarters will assign a School for the Blind which has not yet received this book. The Upjohn book in braille consists of three volumes, and the three dollars pays for the materials, binding, etc. The work of brailling is done free by Mrs. C. D. Watson, of Madison, N. J., an expert in duplicating and inventor of the method she uses. She gives her time voluntarily to this work and has so far produced almost 150 volumes of this one book. It is a big piece of work, finely done!

Advice about other projects appropriate for Junior Red Cross workers was received in a helpful letter from Miss Hoyt, Assistant, Service for the Blind, Library of Congress, and Acting Director of Braille, American Red Cross. The italics are ours, as editorial people so often say—because the italicized sentences seemed particularly worth remembering.

DEAR MISS HENDERSON:

I am still of the opinion that braille is for the person of mature years, but there are exceptions. The participation of the Junior Red Cross in the braille program here and there has seemed to be a success. Just how far this

has gone I am not quite sure. There were twelve of the Girl Scouts here who took the braille course. Three of them now hold certificates.

In Chicago there are classes for the blind in the public schools. This enables the Junior Red Cross to be in close contact with the blind and to be interested in doing for their fellow classmates. In such cases I think a certain amount of instruction in braille might be successful. I would not urge upon them an intensive course. When I visited the Chicago Chapter a year ago they told me they were only teaching braille in full spelling. Whether they have gone farther in this I do not know. A group of high school students here in Washington has done some work in shellacking through a church society. Their teacher is the leader. She comes and gets the material, oversees the work and brings it back. They seem to be doing very well. Such work might be done by the Junior Red Cross, but it could hardly be managed in school hours and I doubt if they would have time outside of school.

If it could be impressed on the Junior Red Cross that in places where there are day classes for the blind they could be helpful as guides, as readers, as helpers in the playtime hour, this would mean so much to the blind and it would be a service which would help those who render it. *In almost every locality there are young blind people of the same age as the Juniors who would be so glad to have friends among the Junior Red Cross. They could participate in their society and be helpful in many ways.* In cities and towns where there is a school for the blind there is an excellent opportunity for the Juniors to become acquainted with the blind boys and girls of their own age and through the superintendent and teachers of such a school they could render much worth while service.

These are only suggestions and where there are well-organized groups of Braille Transcribers I think the chairman of the Junior Red Cross should consult with them as to the possibility of the Juniors taking up braille.

Sincerely yours,

ADELIA M. HOYT.

Fitness for Service

New Books on Health

PHYSIOLOGY AND HEALTH. By C. E. Turner. \$1. HOME NURSING AND CHILD CARE. By Turner, Morgan, and Collins, \$1.20. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston, 1929.

These two texts are the final volumes in the Malden Health Series. They are based on seven years experimental teaching in the schools of Malden, Mass. *Physiology and Health*, for upper junior or lower senior high school classes, organizes knowledge of the body and its functions. *Home Nursing and Child Care*, for the same grades (it is announced as a text for girls; one wonders why boys must be left out of instruction in such vital human needs) was also built on actual teaching and deserves practical success.

THE DIAGNOSIS OF HEALTH. By William R. P. Emerson. D. Appleton and Company, New York, 1930, \$3.

The title interprets the positive tone of the book. Basing his advice on results of health work he has directed in many educational institutions, Dr. Emerson has much to say about attaining "optimum health," and about individual "health intelligence." Corrective medical and surgical work is put on the rational basis of leaving the individual "free to gain." Individual responsibility and ability to plan

and effect a life of health are stressed. For daily, personal help, there are commonsense sections on physical habits, and discussions of social habits and personality in their important relations. For more technical guidance, there is scientific discussion of food values and of "measured feeding." For health work on a quantity-production scale, there is direction in planning and conducting health surveys and campaigns in industries, institutions, and communities. For specific, human guidance, there are case records covering a wide range of problems. It is not too high praise to say that every administrator and as many teachers as can should have the book—and use it.

Broadcasts on Health

The Junior Red Cross was asked to take charge of the two health lessons to be broadcast in the School of the Air series of the Columbia Broadcasting System. A more definite announcement and description will be given in the April magazines. Meantime you may wish to remember the dates, April 17 and 24. The period is 2:30 to 3 p. m., Eastern Standard time; 1:30 to 2, Central time; 12:30 to 1, Rocky Mountain time, and 11:30 to 12 a. m., Pacific time.

Sara, the Sun Child

ANNA MILO UPJOHN

Illustrations by the Author

PART I

SARA was a little Lapp.

They called her a sun child because she was born in summer within the Arctic Circle. Nine times she had seen the midnight sun. When again it hovered on the horizon without dipping below it, she would be ten years old.

Spring had already come. Where a few weeks ago Sara had skimmed merrily on ski, little flowers were now pushing up—yellow violets, purple orchids and blossoms as white as the snow itself.

Herd of reindeer nosed eagerly in the tender moss, still soaked with snow water. The birch tree was budding, and the days had grown so long that there was no darkness at night, only a green-tinted twilight when the sun disappeared for a few hours before dawn. After that it shone hotly for twenty hours out of the twenty-four.

The sun was still high and bright when Sara and her mother were getting supper. As they worked they discussed Sara's birthday party, to which their Lapp friends would be invited from far and near. They would cook their supper over a bonfire and then dance all night while the sun hung like a great red disc on the horizon. Sara did not know that she was not to see that tenth midnight sun. Already a galloping horse was bringing strange tidings across the tundra.

Sara was grinding coffee, her mother was splitting fish and the potatoes were bobbing in the

pot when there came the sound of feet splashing through the mud.

"That's Ulf," cried Sara, and ran to the door of the tepee.

Ulf was stabling his pony in the log building that had a pair of reindeer antlers nailed in the gable and a big wolf-trap near the door.

"Did you get the sugar?" called Sara.

But her brother brushed past her full of importance.

"A good thing I went to the settlement today,"

he said. "There was a letter for father in the Post Office. It had been there nearly a week."

"A letter!" exclaimed his mother. "Go find your father. This may be very important."

It was the only letter they had had that year, so no wonder they waited breathlessly to know what it meant. And the letter contained wonderful news. Every year a Lapp family is invited to spend the summer in the great Skansen Park that lies on a bluff above the beautiful city of Stockholm. They bring a herd of reindeer with them, wear the same clothes they wear at home,

and live in tepees covered with skins and moss just as they do in Lapland. And now this invitation had come to Sara's family, to whom it seemed as wonderful an adventure as it would be for one of us if we were invited to spend a season in Europe, all expenses paid.

For hours the family sat around the fire talk-



Sara went to the storehouse for reindeer meat and sheets of thin rye bread

ing and sucking hot coffee through lumps of sugar held between their teeth.

"I shall have to take twenty reindeer," said Father. "That will leave half the herd here."

At that moment there was a patter of feet outside and a baby reindeer thrust his head in at the door. Between his ears rose two gray velvety knobs that some day would branch out into antlers. His dark luminous eyes searched through the dusk of the tepee.

"No, no! Finn mustn't come in!" cried Sara.

But, at the sound of her voice, the reindeer cleared the high sill with a bound and began nuzzling her hands for bread. Sara threw her arms about his neck. "And Finn will go, too," she cried excitedly. "Finn will go to Stockholm to see the King!"

But Ulf cut in brusquely. "No, indeed—not if I have to take the herd! You've spoiled Finn, Sara. He doesn't keep up with the others and he's a nuisance. We must leave him."

Sara's eyes filled with tears. "Then I don't want to go, either. But you'll let Finn come, won't you, Father?"

"We'll see about it," said her father good-naturedly, and her mother added, "Don't tease your sister, Ulf."

Sara got up, kissed her mother and said "Thanks for food." Ulf did the same, a pretty custom in Sweden meaning that the meal is over. No more was said about Finn, and there the matter rested. But Sara's heart was full of anxiety. She and her mother were to go to Stockholm by train as soon as they could make ready. Father and Ulf were to follow, driving the herd as far as Lulea, where they could take ship for

Stockholm. But first, quantities of moss for the animals must be shipped ahead, for the reindeer could not live on the grass and hay of southern Sweden where they were going. The family must take provisions, too. Sara helped her mother with these preparations, bringing dried reindeer meat, fish and the thin rye bread that

lay folded like a pile of stiff napkins on a shelf in the storehouse. The storehouse looked like a dovecote. Near it, on a stake, hung many reindeerhorns cast by the bucks in the autumn. During the long winter months, when the Northern Lights blazed fanwise across the sky, Sara's father and brother spent many hours carving knife handles and other things from the bone.

Wherever Sara went Finn followed. He was a fine young reindeer, silver gray, soft as velvet. When Sara at last had to leave him behind she wept bitterly. "You'll bring him, won't you, Ulf?" she pleaded. "If I do he may get lost," he said. But mother said, "Don't worry, he'll come."



Sara caught glimpses of little girls picking strawberries

So Sara and her mother started on ponyback for the nearest railroad town, Kiruna. The city lies at the foot of a mountain of solid iron. In order to mine the ore, Mt. Kirunavaara is being slowly leveled from the top. Sara gazed with respect at the iron mountain, for she had heard of it all her life. But far stranger was the train that was to take them to Stockholm. Sara boarded it with fear and excitement. It was night but not dark. However, she was so tired from the long ride across the tundra that she soon fell asleep curled up in a corner of the seat with a rug under her head.

In the morning Sara found herself looking

through great panes of glass onto a new world; one that she had known only from pictures. She had never been in a house with windows. In the tepee there was only the skylight and the narrow door tapering at the top. So to her the windows were of the first splendor. Through them she saw dark forests on each side of the track. Instead of the birches and junipers of Lapland here were majestic pines and firs, each fit for a ship's mast. Then the train slid along lonely lakes where there was neither house nor man, but great rafts of logs floating slowly toward the river's mouth. Again it shot through wide fields of grain and grass. There cows browsed and men tilled. Against the blue-black forests, farm-houses and barns stood out, bright red with white doors and window casings. People went about in gay clothing. Sara caught glimpses of little girls in orange dresses and flowered caps picking strawberries in the woods or waving to the train as it passed. The women wore stiff blue or black skirts and aprons striped with red and orange. Their sleeves were snowy, their bodices of many-colored silks. To Sara, used to the furs and woolens of Lapland, this was a merry sight. Everything was snug and orderly and cheerful. There were apple orchards and haystacks and fences around the fields. Sara's eyes were wonder-wide at sight of the flower gardens even along the railway stations. In Falun there were rich copper mines. At Upsala a great University; and every now and then a friendly lake reflecting a white country church with red

steeple. Little by little it came to Sara that this beautiful country was Sweden from end to end—her own country, of which she might well be proud. But when at last they slid into the great station at Stockholm, she was half asleep. She had only a confused memory of lights and bells and a strange sea-freshness in the air.

The next morning Sara wakened slowly, wondering, to find herself back at home! At least so it seemed. She was lying on a bed of fresh hemlock boughs covered with a reindeer skin. Above her the rough-hewn walls of the tepee sloped inward toward the central opening. The little trap door at the top was swung half open and through it gleamed a patch of blue sky. When she moved she could see the round stone hearth in the middle of the room and the floor covered thickly with hemlock twigs smelling sweet as wine. Yes, the train must have turned about and gone back to Lapland, for there was the old chest covered with walrus skin in which Sara and her mother kept their clothes. The wooden bowls, every stain and nick of which she knew, were piled on the hearth near which squatted her mother making coffee over a gasoline stove just as she did every summer morning. Even the loud supping of the arctic ducks was audible, and the bark of a fox in the distance.

"Are we home again?" Sara asked in a daze.

"Go outside and see," said her mother, laughing.

(To be concluded next month)

About the Wind

NANCY BYRD TURNER

God tells the willing wind to blow
Until it gathers clouds and brings
Warm rain upon the planted things,
And makes them grow.

In summer's heat it softly comes
And walks our fields, a pleasant breeze;
And makes low music in our trees,
And cools our homes.

Happy and light of heart and gay,
It romps through woods and meadow
brown,

And tumbles nuts and apples down,
Glad as a boy at play.

When winter skies are dull and drear,
It sifts the snow among the pines,
And fans the fire till it shines
With bright good cheer.

The wind is God's. He always knows
If north or south or east or west
Its way should be. It blows the best,
Whichever way it blows!



An Owl's Nest Is His Castle

OLAUS J. MURIE

Illustrations by the Author

"WHOO-HOO, whoo, whoo."

The sound came from the edge of the woods, on a steep slope.

"Whu-hu-who, whoo, whoo," came the call again, this time in a higher voice.

"Aha! A pair of great horned owls!" I said to myself and decided to hunt up their nest the first chance I had.

A few days later I climbed to the edge of the woods, where I had heard the owls. For a long time I found nothing and was a little disappointed. But then I spied a mass of sticks near the top of a fir tree. There could be no mistake about it when I approached this tree, for the owls came swooping at me, hooting in anger.

Now I have climbed to a good many owl nests and didn't worry much when these big birds began swooping at me. I only wanted to see what was in the nest and began to climb.

"Whack!"

I felt a painful blow on my head and blood trickled down the back of my neck. My hat went sailing down the mountainside. This was different!

I crouched behind some thick foliage and thought it over. "Well, I can dodge them, if I am careful," I thought, and continued up the tree. Whenever one of the birds came swooping at me I ducked behind a limb and waved my arms. It worked, and I reached the nest without more trouble.

Here were the treasures the owls were defending so bravely—three downy white owlets. The youngest couldn't have been over twenty-four hours old. This was April 30, so the owls must have begun nesting in March, while snow still lay on the ground. Scattered about in the nest were bones and fur of mice, and a few feathers of a coot, or mud hen. After I had climbed down safely and found my hat, I decided to come back from time to time to see how the young were growing and what they had to eat.

My next visit was on May 5. This time I was going to be careful and duck my head if an owl came swooping. When I was half way up the tree I saw one coming, big round eyes glaring and claws open. I ducked but, "Thump!" came the blow and once more the blood was running. This was not so much fun.

Next day, when I came back to the nest, it was still less fun. As I walked up to the tree one of the owls darted at me and raked two bloody gashes on my arm. I quickly climbed up into some thick foliage, where they could not get at me. I confess I was losing my nerve a little, but really felt ashamed to give up. Then I had a new scheme. I would carry a little stick and, when the owl came, I would whirl it in front of my face. Surely he couldn't touch me then!

So up I went, limb by



"An owl was coming, big round eyes glowing and claws open"

limb, carrying my precious stick. Here came the owl again. I waved my stick furiously in the face of the charging bird, but once more I felt the blow from those cruel claws and my hat flew out of the tree as before.

How could the owl get by my whirling club? I hid behind thick foliage, almost afraid to move. If only those owls could understand that I did not intend to harm their home. My scalp was full of claw marks by this time, and I almost felt like sneaking down again. But there was the nest, only a little way above me.

Very slowly and carefully I crawled up, watching those two owls every minute. Foot by foot I reached the nest. Cautiously I looked over the edge.

The little ones had grown amazingly, and no wonder! Their parents had brought them many, many field mice, and there in the nest lay the brown feathers that told me the story of their recent feast on a big brown hen.

"Whack!" again on my bare head came the hardest blow of all. The owl struck so hard that it tumbled back into its nest and rolled off the opposite edge. And I was nearly stunned. Blood matted my hair and streamed down my neck. Tying a bandana over my head, I hid close to the tree trunk under the nest, where the leaves were thick. My head was sore and my enthusiasm was gone. I had had enough. Peeking out among the limbs I saw both owls sitting side by side in the top of a tree.

"Wah—wha—wha—wha—wha," said one of them. And I suppose in owl language that might have meant, "Look at him, partner! We have struck and struck that man, almost knocked him out of the tree. He may get our little ones yet. What shall we do next?"

I was happy indeed to reach the ground once more safely. But I was angry with those birds, who didn't seem to understand my good intentions. I decided to play a mean trick on them.

I came back a few days later. This time I was dressed in a heavy sheepskin coat, with the col-

lar turned up over my ears. On my hands were heavy gloves. And on my poor battered head was an iron army helmet which had been used in the trenches in France. I was brave now. Let the owls come! I chuckled to myself. What a surprise for Mr. Owl when he should strike me now, "Zing!" on the iron helmet. It was his

turn to feel the sting of his blow on his own cruel toes. Then I would laugh.

Up and up I went. "Pretty soon one of them will hit me on that helmet," I thought, and waited for the blow. But nothing happened. I reached the nest and neither of them had touched me. The wise old birds knew better, and the joke was on me after all!

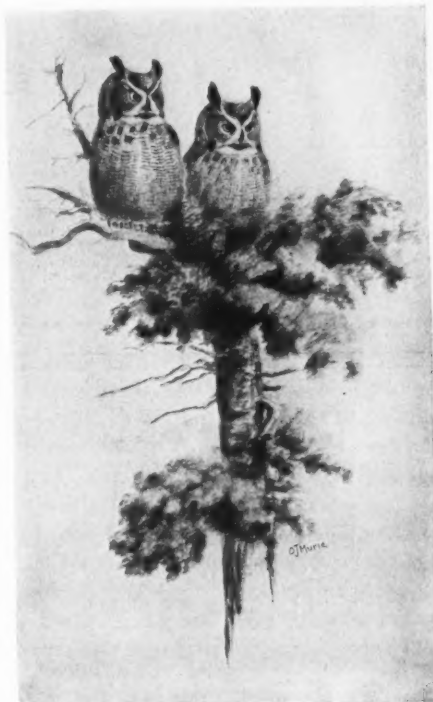
In the nest this time were parts of a white snowshoe rabbit, a lot of mouse fur and some bird feathers. The little white owlets were living well.

I made one more visit to the nest and found some wild-duck feathers, among other things. Then I came no more and never saw the owls again.

So ended my adventure with the great horned owls. Sometimes, when I felt of

my sore and bleeding scalp, I had no love for them in my heart. Would you? Besides, they had killed a chicken and some wild ducks. Terrible birds!

But then again I remembered that they were defending their home. Wouldn't I, too, fight savagely if anyone attacked my home? If I didn't want to be hurt I could have stayed away from that nest. Yes, after all, I respect those fearless birds. I am not likely to forget my bloody scalp, all the bumps and swellings on it. But there is another thing I like to think about. That is, those two owls sitting side by side in the tree top, courageous parents planning their next attack on what they believed to be a human nest robber. Yes, I like them. Too bad about the chicken they killed, but they were feeding their family, and they are surely welcome to my share of the wild ducks.



"Wab—wba—wba—wba—wba," said one of them



Even in summer snow sometimes covers the pastures



Lapp girls know well how to sew and knit

Lapp Children at School*

DEAN NISSEN

EVERY summer, from the middle of May until the middle of September, the Lapps of northern Sweden are allowed to come to Norway with their reindeer, because they find here good pastures. The Lapps travel with their entire families and put up their tents near the reindeer. In some places, they stay for many weeks—it all depends on the pastures. During this time the children, of course, have to attend school. So one or more teachers travel with the Lapps, bringing all the school paraphernalia along.

The school tent is generally put up where the most families are gathered together. Many of the children live in their parents' tents. But there are some whose family tents are so far from the school tent that they can not walk the distance every day. So they live in a big tent with a "housekeeper" to take care of them. I took a peep into such a tent one evening after the occupants had gone to bed. The boys lay on one side and the girls on the other, all on their reindeer skins. The Lapps generally sleep with their clothes on. In the morning the children go outside to wash, the basin and soap being passed around. Afterwards they have breakfast in the tent.

A small fire is made in the middle of the tent and they

all sit around, Lapp-wise, on their legs. The "housekeeper" toasts bread for them on a frying pan over the open fire.

In bad weather the Lapp children have lessons in the tent, where there is ample fresh air, but, when the weather is fine, they study outdoors. They learn about the same things as other school children. They have, however, some special textbooks, dealing with the things they will meet in daily life, illustrated by pictures of the animals with which they come most in contact—dogs, reindeer and wolves.

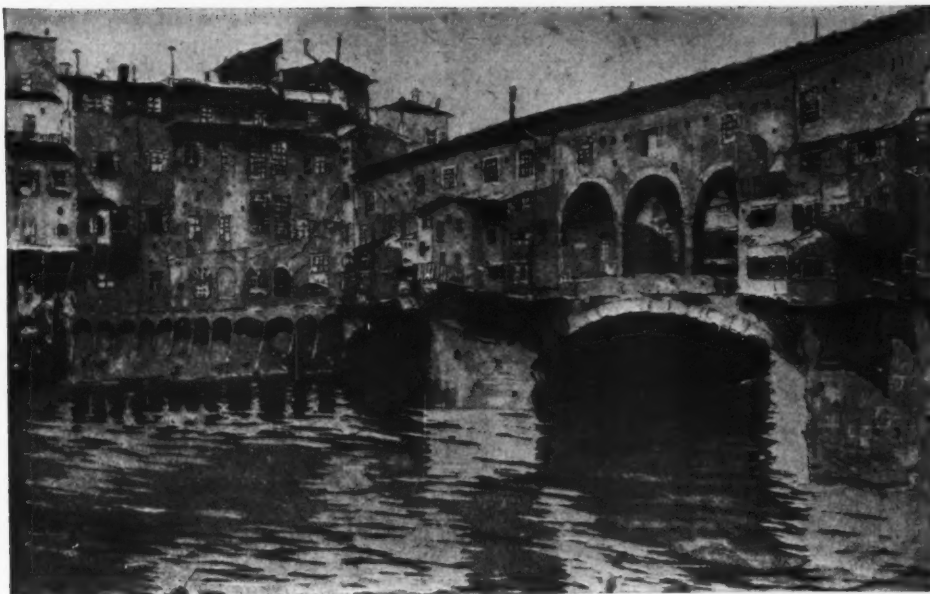
Their play is much like that of other children, but some of their games have characteristics belonging specially to the life of the Lapp; the little ones play with stones, making enclosures for the reindeer; the bigger ones practice with the lasso to learn to catch reindeer.

The girls have to help with the housework. The bigger ones milk the goats. I found it great fun watching this milking: while the biggest girl milked the goat, one little girl held its head, another the front legs and a third the hind legs. The boys collect firewood. So the summer passes in work and play. That their open-air life is healthy is plain. There is very little illness amongst these nomadic Lapps. Only when they settle in houses does tuberculosis begin its ravages amongst them.



Lapp babies are carried in laced baskets not unlike those used by American Indians for their papooses

*From the Norwegian Junior Red Cross Magazine.



FROM A COLOR ETCHING BY FIGURA

The bridge, called even then the "old bridge," crossed the river Arno

The Great Leonardo

EVELYN SEAVEY THOMAS

IN THE year 1470, a tall, handsome boy with wide gray eyes and flowing golden locks walked gaily along a bridge in Florence. He wore a coat of rich brocade and a cap of fur. He looked every inch a gentleman, and excited the admiration of the passers-by.

The bridge, called even then the "old bridge," crossed the River Arno, which meandered gently through the fair city. It was the trading place for fashionable Florence. Shops lined its footway, their fronts bravely bedecked with furs, glass from Venice, spices from Cathay, shawls, manuscripts and missals.

Here young girls bent over pillows, making lace of delicate design. The boy, fascinated, watched them as a *fleur de lys*, a knight or other pattern of intricate threads slowly developed under their deft fingers.

Silversmiths and cutters of gems plied their trades. Chemists displayed huge bottles filled with colored water as a sign of their profession. The boy stopped for a moment to buy a honey-cake and a glass of sweetened water from Giovanni, whose bakeshop was patronized by the youth of the city. Resting by a little table, he glanced at a doorway opposite where a bird seller

was loudly advertising his caged wares. Suddenly the boy crossed over to the shop, untied his purse, and pouring its contents into the hands of the proprietor, received in exchange two cages, one filled with linnets, the other with little brown thrushes.

With the cages in his hands he left the gay bridge and went to the river bank, where he sat under a lonely tree for a little while and thoughtfully studied the birds. Then he threw open the cages and watched their joyous wanderings in the sky.

As he made his way back to the bridge two lads jeered at him for being so soft. They dared the young gentleman to fight them, one at a time. The youth reached down, picked up an iron horseshoe and twisted it in his fingers until point touched point.

"I am not afraid to fight, but should I lose my temper, which seldom happens, I might do you serious harm," he said.

The bullies gaped and ran away, for now they well knew who the youth was. His renown had gone through the length and breadth of Florence. None other was he than Leonardo, the son of Ser Piero da Vinci, famed alike for his talents,

strength and grace, and adored by all who knew him.

Ser Piero belonged to a family of lawyers; his father and grandfathers had for centuries practiced that learned calling in Italy. Naturally Piero would have liked his son to follow in his own footsteps, but the boy's dazzling array of talents developed at such an early age that Piero could do naught but let them take their course.

It seemed as if every gift had been granted to young Leonardo. Often a man of genius finds that his ability comes from a mother of superior intelligence or else that his mother, realizing his possibilities, manages to give him the opportunity to develop them. But the mother of Leonardo was a peasant, Catarina by name, who had no dream of the future greatness of her child and was content to leave him entirely to the care of his father while she married a man of her own class.

It was different with the boy's stepmothers. There were four of them and each one in her turn adored him, while he showed them devotion and eagerly took advantage of the efforts made for his education. There were nine brothers, who evidently resented the talents of the boy, for they never failed to let him know that he was only a half-brother.

Early in life he showed a talent for painting, and although there are but four canvases known to be by his brush, two of them are called the world's greatest pictures. These are "The Last Supper" and "Mona Lisa." When he was fifteen years old his favorite pursuit was the art of design. He was proficient in modeling, drawing and painting and was working in the studio of Andrea Verrocchio, a gifted teacher, who encouraged naturalness and originality. In this environment Leonardo learned to think and plan for himself and work without leaning too much on the ideas of the artists of the past.

Verrocchio, an artist of renown in Florence, had many things to occupy him. Once, being obliged to finish in some haste a painting of "The Baptism of the Savior," he gave Leonardo in-

structions to paint one of the angels. This the boy did, making a figure of such exquisite grace and of such lovely coloring that in looking at the painting the eye could scarcely see anything else. Tradition says that Verrocchio was so chagrined that he put aside his brushes and spent the rest of his life in the art of sculpture. This beautiful figure, the evidence of a boy's genius, still gazes serenely from the canvas in the Academy at Florence.

From that time Leonardo became famous and not alone as a painter but in many other fields as well. As he grew to man's estate he became an architect, studying the construction of arch and spire. He assisted in the building of cathedrals. He designed military engines; planned fortifications; built canals, was interested in hydraulics, military and civil engineering; wrote books on botany, astronomy, physics, physiology, light and shade and perspective. He composed a treatise on the anatomy of the horse which was long used as a textbook. He drew maps. He designed a life-saving belt and wrote much of submarine warfare. But of the machines he made to stay under water he said, "I do not divulge them by reason

of the evil nature of man who would use them for assassination at the bottom of the sea by destroying ships and sinking them together with the men in them."

In the United States National Museum at Washington may be seen the model of a flying machine designed by Leonardo in which he laid down the principle of aviation. This man was a superman, a giant on the earth. Many speak of him as the Edison of his day and so he was, but he was as keenly alive to art in its spiritual beauty as to the benefits of science to man in a practical way.

In those days Italy was not a united country. There flourished there a number of free cities, each with its own government, often headed by a tyrant, and each a rival of another city or other cities. The Medicis were the ruling family in Florence, while Duke Ludovico Sforza was the



Unfortunately there is no portrait of Leonardo in his youth. The artist painted this of himself when he was almost sixty

ruler of Milan. At the age of thirty Leonardo was invited to Milan by the Duke, who was much impressed by his genius, although the young man's gifts in science and painting did not give the motive for the invitation. It was for Leonardo's social charm and for his ability to play the harp and compose music, to sing and produce plays and pageants that the Duke desired his presence in Milan. Here he remained, busy exercising his many talents for sixteen years. Much of his time was given to arranging fêtes, ballets, masques and balls for the gayest court in Europe. When Louis XII of France came to visit Milan, Leonardo devised a mechanical lion which he introduced at a banquet in honor of the French king. This marvelous animal entered the great hall, toured around the room, halted before the royal visitor's seat, opened its heart and poured forth a shower of lilies, welcoming Louis to Florence, the lily of the Arno.

Leonardo's wonderful "Last Supper" was painted on a wall of the Dominican Convent of Madonna della Grazia in Milan. The picture was made for the wife of the Duke, a generous and gentle lady who liked to spend a part of her time within the peaceful shelter of the Convent.

Through the years Leonardo's masterpiece suffered from the carelessness of workers, servants and soldiers, as well as from poor efforts to restore it. When Napoleon's troops were in Milan they were quartered in the Convent and used the dining room of the charming Duchess for a stable. They even cut a door through the lower part of the picture. But from 1904 to 1908 experts worked to put it in good condition.

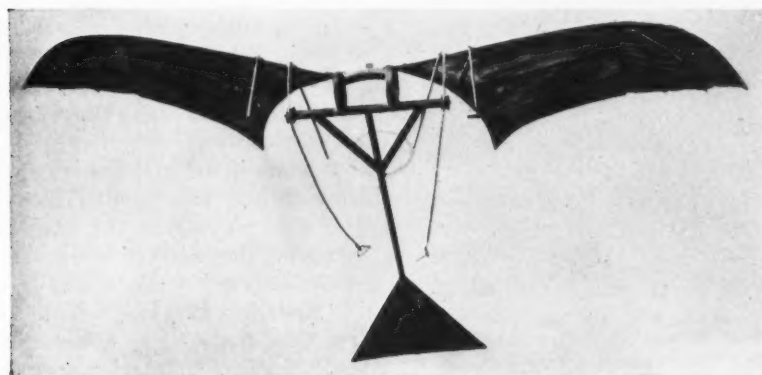
When Leonardo finished the painting he allowed one of his pupils, Uggione, to copy it and this fine reproduction hangs in the Royal Academy in London. A dozen other copies were made during the lifetime of the artist and are beautifying as many churches.

The other world-renowned picture by Leo-



Leonardo worked at the portrait of Mona Lisa during four years and it is said that he had music played while he painted so that she would keep the same expression

nardo is "Mona Lisa." It was bought by Francis I of France, of his dear friend Leonardo, for four thousand gold florins. In that day this was indeed a goodly price to pay for a painting. The fair Neapolitan, wife of Francesco del Gioconda, smiles at us from the walls of the Louvre in Paris. She seems to know just where she was during the two years she disappeared from the Louvre, just where she was and why she came home again, but she will never give up her secret. She is mysterious, baffling, beautiful.



MODEL IN THE NATIONAL MUSEUM, WASHINGTON, D. C.

The great painter devoted much time and thought to human flight. He made many drawings of birds and designs for flying mechanisms. This model of an ornithopter, or wing flapping type, was constructed from his plans. The flyer lies along the central beam, his feet in the stirrups back toward the tail, his body through the big ring which is hardly visible in the picture. His head and shoulders go under the yoke at the front. With arms through the two small rings, his hands grasp the handles. By raising and lowering his arms and kicking his feet the wings flap up and down. No provision is made for a change of altitude or direction but long glides could be made in it when started from a hill or raised platform

From the Far North

STABEKK, Norway, is a suburb of the capital city of Oslo. It has a very active Junior Red Cross, many of whose members have been sending out fine albums with most interesting compositions and pictures for exchange with schools in other lands. In one such album a group of boys in a school there included the following article about ski and sküing and illustrated it with drawings. It came to us through the League of Red Cross Societies in Paris.



"Nearly every Norwegian knows how to use the ski. Boys and girls alike learn before they can read"

NOBODY knows for certain how old ski are or who invented them. Some people

believe that they came from Siberia and that our neighbors to the east, the Finns, who probably emigrated from there in far-off days, brought ski with them and taught the Norwegians how to use them.

"It is no accident that Norway has become the leading nation in this sport, for we find ski mentioned in the eighth century annals of Norway—the earliest in existence. Later on our sagas told of the skiing feats of early Norwegian kings.

"Ski were not used merely for sport, however, but also as an easy and ready means of conveyance in winter. Hakon Hakonson, king of Norway in the 13th century, was born during civil war times and in order to save him from being put to death, two men on ski ran with him a distance of 350 miles to friends in Trondhjem. His grandfather, King Sverre, had set up the first body of ski-runners in the Norwegian army. Much later,

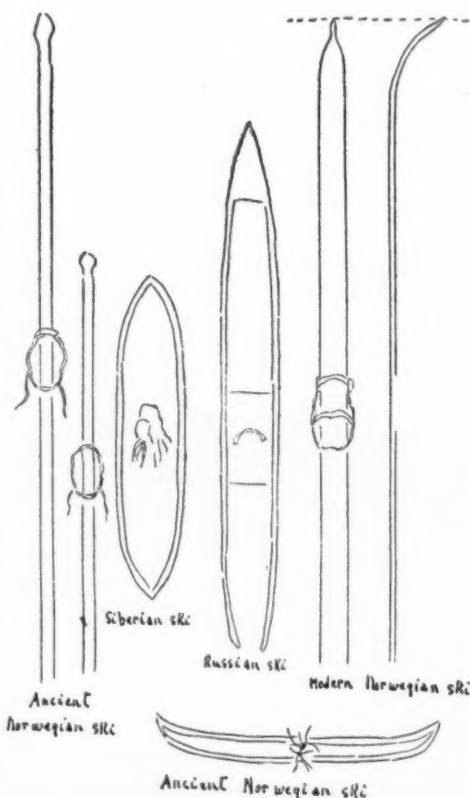
when the modern army was established, the bodies of ski-runners distinguished themselves at the battle of Trangen in the war of 1808 by surrounding the hostile army in the deep snow in the woods.

"The modern sport of skiing grew up in the 1860's. From the district of Telemark came the best ski-runners but they were not without competition. In the eastern part of Norway the people of the Trysil Valley proved faithful to the tradition of old. From that district we have the story of a man named Knut, popularly called 'Trysil-Knut,' who ran more swiftly than a horse. This is the tale of his last feat:

"One winter's day a wedding feast was going on at a farmhouse near Bergen. The guests were in high spirits and when they caught sight of a fisherman approaching from the seashore, they decided to make merry at his expense.

"'Come here, you fisherman,' they called, 'and we will show you how to sail in the snow!' So saying they showed him a pair of ski.

"'I should like very much to try this craft,' the fisherman said, 'perhaps one of you will show me how?'



"They told him all he had to do was to take them to the top of a hill and, standing upon them, glide down the slope. The fisherman took the ski and began to climb the mountain. He stopped a moment and put his stave in the snow and hung his cap upon it; further up he threw his coat on the ground, still further up his waistcoat, and soon he stood on the very top. Of course all expected to see him fall at once. He set off but did not fall. The mirth of the spectators gave way to silent awe and admiration as they saw him swoop downwards, snatch his waistcoat from the ground and put it on, then his coat and finally his stave and cap. In the midst of a cloud of whirling snow he roared past the wedding party, waved his cap and disappeared like a flash of lightning. They stood dumb with amazement for a few moments, wondering who this person could be. They followed his tracks to where they could see a black object he had dropped. It was his necktie. Sewed onto it they found a famous name, 'Trysil-Knut.'"

IN AN album which has just recently passed through National Headquarters on its way to Mole Lake School, Mole Lake, Wisconsin, students in the Stabekk Middle School write a letter of greeting that reminds one of Miss Upjohn's article, "Suppose You Lived in Norway" in the February NEWS. Following this comes a letter about Norway's Lapp country that fits in with the story of Sara on another page of this issue.

"WE ARE sending you pictures of our old country clothes. Now the people who live in the valleys a good way from the towns are the only ones who wear such beautiful clothes. In the towns we wear ordinary European clothes. Every valley used to have different dresses, but now many wear their valley dresses only when there are weddings or other festivities or on Sundays. If they go to church on a Sunday



These Stabekk boys sent an album to the Irvington School in Portland, Oregon

they are all dressed in their finest clothes. At the neck they wear a lovely handmade silver brooch. They wear black shoes with silver clasps. The different valleys have different ways of building and decorating their homes.

"The Norwegian country people have been and are still very clever with their fingers. They paint their cupboards, tables and chairs in dazzling colors and beautiful designs.

"Finmark is the northernmost county in Norway. It is one of the most beautiful counties in the world, and is called the 'Land of the Midnight Sun,' because three months of the year the sun shines at night as well as day. But the winter is cold and dark. The darkest time is at Christmas. Forests are not to be seen, only plains with heather and moss. The largest plain is called the Finmark plain. The people living here are called Lapps or Finns. They are not Norwegians. We can not understand their language. They don't live in houses as we do, but they ramble around everywhere with their reindeer. At night they sleep in a hut, which in Norwegian is called *gamme*. Such a hut is made of reindeer skins. The people are always dressed in reindeer skins. They drive in a pulk. A pulk is formed something like a boat, but the bottom is round. This pulk slides lightly on the snow.

"On an isle of Finmark lies the most northern town in the world, which is called Hammerfest. Fishing is the most important trade."



The stav (wooden) church in Borgund. Its roof decorations, characteristic of these very old churches of Norway, remind one of the figureheads on the ships of their Viking builders

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*On stormy days
When the wind is high
Tall trees are brooms
Sweeping the sky.
They swish their branches
In buckets of rain
And swash and sweep it
Blue again.*

—CHILD LIFE.

MARCH FIRST IN ALBANIA

SPIRO KRISTO, one of the boys at the Albanian Vocational School, Tirana, wrote this for an album going from the School to a school in the United States. We wonder how many boys in the schools of the United States could write as well in Albanian after only three or four years of studying in the strange tongue:

This is one of the queerest assignments I have had in all the years at school. My English teacher requisitioned me to write a short poem for you. He gave me your portfolio to look over. The kodakgraphs of the farms and other outdoor scenery reminded me of the time when I was a young boy about eight or nine years of age. My! how long ago that was—years and years, for I am now nineteen! Then it was the custom that children should make necklaces, bracelets and ringlets of many colored strings and put them on two weeks before the first of March. I did this every year then. As soon as I saw the first swallow visit my town I would take off my necklaces, bracelets and ringlets and throw them on a branch or over a stalk of grass. While throwing them I sang a song asking the swallows to pick them up and I believed that they

would really hear my song and do what I asked them to. Sometimes the swallows did pick up the strings to make their nests. What joy I felt when this happened! I ran and told everybody about it—my sister, my mother, my father and my grandmother.

Such were the memories that came in my mind when I looked at your portfolio and here is the poem I wrote:

SWALLOWS

When I was a little boy
Never felt I greater joy
Than to see the swallows coming
Back to their old nests returning.

I would go with other boys,
Leaving home my books and toys,
And would hear the swallows sing
"Farewell, winter! Welcome, spring!"

Then our bracelets and our rings
Made of many-colored strings
We'd untie and throw them over
Twig of tree or sprig of clover.

And the swallows that flew by
Where my colored lures did lie
Heard me singing all day long
In Albanian, this short song:

"Pretty swallows in the sky
"Take these strings that I untie;
"Throw them in the salty sea;
"Bring back health and wealth to me."

Health and wealth I do not lack,
For each year my friends are back.
They bring me all that I need—
Swallows are our friends indeed.

THE CALENDAR PICTURE FOR MARCH

A FAVORITE dish in Norway is thickened milk or clabber. It is eaten instead of porridge at breakfast and instead of soup at dinner. If in the country it will probably be served in a big wooden bowl and eaten with carved wooden spoons. The two little girls in the picture lived on the king's farm near Oslo. They came to pose for me in a beautiful Norwegian log house, three hundred years old. In it lived an old lady who wore clothes such as you see in the picture. Almost everything in the house was made of wood, sometimes beautifully carved and decorated with color. On the walls were painted not only texts and proverbs, but the names of the people who had married and come to live there; also records of such things as a big harvest; the burning of a barn, the birth of a child, or a journey across the sea to America. In this way the family history was written.

—A. M. U.

Noojee, Australia, where people had to spend the night in the river while the bushfires raged round about



Junior Red Cross Circles all over Australia raised money to help rebuild the homes which had been destroyed

The World Around

THE Czechoslovak Junior Red Cross magazine tells how the Hutisko Juniors "beyond the hill" held their Third Ski Meet on the 3rd of March. As soon as the day dawned boys and girls, big and little, began to gather. The road to the school was alive with skiers from other places. Motorbuses from Roznov brought up the last competitors.

The Juniors had arranged an ideal course along the hillsides to the top of Misna, giving the visitors many lovely views of the valley and landscape, brilliant with sun and snow. At every point of the run the competitors received refreshments of fruit, sugar or chocolate. Within a short time 87 skiers had started. The struggle on the 4-kilometer track was as keen as for the longer races. Pupils under ten competed on a 2-kilometer run, and the tiniest children on a 1-kilometer track. The winning-post was at the school gymnasium, where the gym teacher and his wife kept the records, marked the winners and sent the competitors to get hot tea and rolls. The morning ended with a big lunch. In the afternoon came the leading event—the jump on the steep slope behind the school. There were 26 competitors.

At three o'clock prizes

were distributed. It took two tables to hold the clothes, boots, skis, toboggans, caps, gloves, mufflers, underlinen, combs, soap, paper, pencils, jubilee ducats and 10-crown pieces, for everyone who took part received a prize of some kind.

HERE is the article on "Our Interschool Correspondence" which a Junior group in Stollberg, Erzgebirge, Germany, sent to their national magazine:

Since 1925 we have been corresponding with school children in foreign countries over the sea and have derived from this many fine inspirations and much knowledge. After all it is only by trying to make far-away friends visualize your country that you begin to see it with open and understanding eyes.

At one time we were particularly busy studying the folk costumes of Wenden with a view to sending the children of America and Japan lifelike dolls dressed in this style. The whole school class made a trip to Dresden and made sketches of Saxon costumes in the "Oskar-Seyfferth Museum." Then the girls started making dresses for the dolls like those we had seen.

We sent to Australia a translation of Goethe's "Faust" bound by one of our boys.

Our gift to American children was a volume of "Grimm's Fairy Tales" translated into English.

To give our foreign friends some idea of the extent and position of our



Several German Boy Scout members of the J. R. C. recently had an opportunity to use their First Aid knowledge and skill on several victims of a street accident

country we made seven maps showing our school, town, district, county, province and the situation of Germany on the European continent; finally, in the whole world.

Once we arranged an exhibition of the albums we had received. They took up an entire wall of our classroom.

"WHEN the cold winter draws to an end," writes Sasha Boykinova, a pupil of the Second Gymnasium in Sofia, Bulgaria, "our Junior Red Cross holiday comes with the first spring flowers. Winter is on the wane, but snow is still on the ground and Granny March (for thus the Bulgarians have named the first spring month) grows impatient and sends her winds to disperse it, for the cowslip and tulip have already shown their small heads and the snowdrop shyly peeps out to see the warm spring sun.

"We have chosen the first of March for our Junior Red Cross fête day, because the Junior Red Cross, like the spring sun, works for health, physically and spiritually. Like the sun which warms the ground, we try to warm the souls of the suffering, to dry their tears and bring them a little joy.

"On our holiday we tie 'martenitzi' to our wrists, because these red cords are a symbol of joy and health."

ONE of the stories Australian Juniors love to tell is of Florrie Hodges, the "heroine of the bushfires." When these great fires were raging several years ago, Florrie, who was then fifteen, raced with three small children to the shelter of a brook. When the trees and bushes over the stream began to rain sparks and burning branches, she gave the children's clothing a final wetting and carried them to a less dangerous spot. Then forgetting all about herself, although she must have suffered slow torture, she stretched her own body over the little ones as a shield from the fire passing by. She will bear the scars from that sacrifice all her life. But by summertime she was able to have her picture taken, sitting up and convalescing, for the Victoria Junior magazine, and to enjoy a new wrist-

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The Juniors of Villecroze, France, are very active. Recently they organized a fête for the benefit of their Junior Red Cross

far up in the mountains or off in the country with First Aid cases containing medicines and materials needed for ordinary illnesses and emergencies. When the school in Canina, Capolona, in the province of Siena, received theirs, Livio Tozzi, a pupil of the third class, wrote this letter of thanks:

DEAR SIR:

We wish to thank you for the beautiful case you have sent us. We had nothing of the kind before. We used to put grease on our hurts. Don't laugh, please. We have now received the Red Cross case and we are very proud of it. I thank you also in the name of my companions and of the peasants who can now come to school to be cured.

We have our money box, because we like the Red Cross. Our treasurer passes it every morning and we often give a few pennies. We hope to be able to send you a little amount collected with our savings and sacrifices.



"Martenitzi" are a symbol of joy and health

MANY of the overseas Juniors are studying First Aid. In Warsaw, Poland, courses lasting one month are given for primary school members. The children

who successfully complete them act as First Aid Units on school excursions and at meetings, and have charge of the school medicine chests. A good many Spanish Juniors have enrolled in hygiene and First Aid courses. British members take three proficiency tests while they are studying First Aid and receive special badges on passing them. In the Transvaal, South Africa, hundreds of Juniors have earned certificates for keeping the health rules and learning First Aid.

watch and a suitcase full of clothes, "containing two of everything," which the Juniors sent, her own things having been destroyed in the fire.

As soon as the general call came for disaster relief, 326 Circles in Australia responded with £160 19s. and many parcels of clothing, meanwhile keeping up their regular work such as gardening and sending gifts of eggs, fruit or money from hand-work sales to hospitals and children's homes.

THE Italian Junior Red Cross is furnishing some of the poorest schools

Doings of American Juniors

MORE than 400 years ago Magellan sailed from Seville in Spain, his heart set on solving the puzzle that had baffled Columbus when he found America blocking his route to Eastern Asia. With close on 300 men and 5 vessels, he put to sea, determined, as he said, to push on if he had "to eat the leather of the rigging." And it actually came to that, for on the endless voyage through the South Seas both food and water gave out, the whole crew suffered terribly and it is recorded that "ox-hides, sawdust and rats became coveted food." They were rewarded for their perseverance, for they discovered the Straits of Magellan and named both the Straits and the Pacific Ocean, and one of the ships and 31 men actually completed the first journey around the world.

The brave Magellan, however, was not among the survivors. In April, 1521, when the party landed on the Island of Cebu in the Philippines, he had gone on a raid with the King of Cebu, with whom he had formed a close friendship, to capture a neighboring island for the King of Spain, and had been killed in the fight.

Magellan's island allies in that ill-fated raid were the ancestors of the girls whose picture you see on this page, who form the Junior Red Cross Health Council of the San Nicolas Elementary School. In the middle, smiling, is their good friend, Dr. Carolina Sison, the *dentista* for their school. Perhaps she is thinking what good allies she has found in the big battle against bad teeth and all the ills they cause. Many of the San Nicolas members went to Dr. Sison of their own accord, even when they had no toothaches, to have their teeth cleaned and put in order.



The Junior Red Cross Health Council of the San Nicolas Elementary School

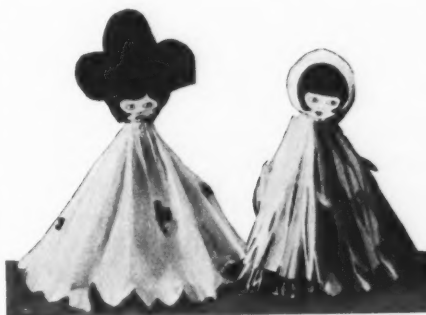
County on its beautiful school yards. He had happened to drive by District No. 7, which gave him a good impression of the whole county. The article then told how District No. 8 had planted cannas along the side of the school toward the road. When they had dug their bulbs in the fall the Juniors found they had enough to supply the whole neighborhood. District No. 59 right then, the *News* said, had a lovely bed of crocuses in bloom and some splendid tulips just pushing up. A sketch plan showed how to plant a yard facing south on the highway, with an interesting discussion of how to get shade and protection as well as beauty.

THE School for the Deaf in New York City wrote last spring:

As there is no place on our school grounds to plant trees, it seemed to us it would be rather nice if we could send a tree somewhere to be planted for us on Arbor Day.

With some of our Red Cross money we bought a living tree and had it shipped to the Clara Barton Memorial Forest, Lake Clear Junction, New York. We are interested in conservation and are especially glad to do our part in helping to re-forest the Memorial State Land in honor of the first leader of the Red Cross in America.

THE *Harvey County (Kansas) Junior Red Cross News* for March, 1929, which tells about activities all over the county, had a special page headed "Every School Yard a Beauty Spot," and it was suggested that the Juniors might take this as a county motto. The article told how the superintendent of schools of a neighboring county, who came to Newton to judge a school parade, had complimented Harvey



More than 600 lollypops were dressed up by Junior Red Cross members in Pittsburgh schools and sent to three Veterans' Hospitals for St. Patrick's Day

WHEN the manual training departments of Schools No. 3, 4 and 7, in Hoboken, New Jersey, had finished fifty paper St. Patrick's Day boxes for fifty patients

at the Gulfport, Mississippi, Veterans' Hospital "adopted" by city members for the spring holidays, the girls in the cooking departments at David E. Rue and Jos. F. Brandt Junior Highs and the Continuation School filled them with candy. Other schools added gifts and favors of various kinds. Then each school sent representatives to the Continuation School to help pack the things. After getting the last box to the post office, the workers had a little party, with refreshments of cocoa, jelly sandwiches and ice cream cones.

IN *Franklin's Almanac*, the paper published by the Franklin School, San Francisco, Manuel Mollado, of the 7A class, contributes this item:

I have just taken a peep into the dressing room of the Opportunity Room. I saw over one hundred magazines all tied up in neat bundles of ten. They are for the sailors across the seas. They have books and magazines but they have read them over and over again. By bringing magazines we can supply them with fresh reading matter.

Last year we made our goal 1,000 magazines, but we collected more than that. This year we hope to collect just as many.

This collection will continue throughout the year. Whenever you have a magazine bring it in. We are glad to get every one.

San Francisco has a Magazine Week every spring, when the Chapter makes up a collection for the U. S. Army and Navy in the China Seas. The all-city Junior Council makes the plans for the schools' share, each representative taking back instructions to his home building. Magazines must be not more than one or two years old. When all the schools have theirs ready, a Red Cross truck calls for them. Usually a U. S. Transport gives them free transportation.

Other Juniors collect magazines for their city or state institutions, and many send new subscriptions to Veterans' Hospitals. The Red Cross director at the U. S. Naval Hospital at Newport, Rhode Island, recently wrote to the New London, Connecticut, members: "We still receive the *Popular Mechanics* and we thank you so much for sending this to us. It is a magazine which all the men wait for very eagerly and read

very thoroughly, passing it around to the other men as soon as they have finished."

A CARAVAN of ten automobiles set out from Portland, Maine, one Saturday, carrying 55 Juniors, 10 teachers and the orchestra instruments and other articles they needed for the fine program they gave some hours later at the State School for Boys at Stroudwater. The Red Cross Motor Corps, with the help of the Maine Automobile Association, provided the cars. A few weeks earlier another group of entertainers visited the Opportunity Farm at New Gloucester.

FOR their overseas correspondence the Decatur, Illinois, Juniors have been making a relief map of their city. The Pugh School has made a picture map of the progress of the old world. Another piece of work which is going abroad is an anthology of verse written by Decatur pupils.

THIS report appeared in *The Gordon Journal* of the Gordon School in St. Paul, Minnesota:

RED CROSS TRAVELERS

After discussing the use and need for Red Cross, the B1 children in Miss Gallagher's room decided to make

a friendly trip around the world and become acquainted with their unknown friends. After making a boat each child with his gift set sail. In our next issue the children will tell you where they went and whom they met.

ALINE FLEURY,
Reporter.

EVERY day at the James P. Stewart School in Tacoma, Washington, members of the Junior Red Cross Club take charge of the Red Cross room, each serving for one period. When sick students have been okeh-ed to this "hospital" by the principal, the faculty advisor of the Club or the gym teacher, the "nurse" in charge looks after them and sends word to the office what patients are there. Any "nurse" who must be absent supplies a substitute.

The Jordan School Juniors in Gilroy, California, raised a Service Fund and bought a cot for children needing a rest period. They are thinking of buying a second one.



The Juniors of Walton grammar school in De Funiak Springs, Florida, after corresponding with Japan, gave a play "Our Friends Overseas"

AN ANNUAL report written up by the Juniors of the Hammon-ton, New Jersey, Grammar School, tells how they filled up their Service Fund for their spring activities:

On Tuesday afternoon, March 30, the pupils of Grades VII and VIII staged a Junior Red Cross entertainment that was followed by a bazaar.

The entertainment was held in the Senior High School auditorium from two to three o'clock. Admission price was ten cents. Grade VII and VIII pupils sold the tickets. Advertising posters were made by the art classes. The program included music, dancing, plays, tableaux and story telling. One of the plays, "Helping the Junior Red Cross," was written by Marjorie Hutt, a pupil in the 7th grade, and presented by her class.

At the bazaar were sold: candy made by the domestic science and continuation classes; holders, towels, aprons and fancy articles made by the sewing classes of Grades V, VI, VII and VIII, and by the Needlework and Dennison Clubs; bird houses, bread boards, taborets, book slides, toys made by the manual training classes of Grades V, VI, VII and VIII; vases decorated by 6II and 7II classes. A grab bag was sponsored by 6II class.

We cleared \$83.97 on the sale. But later we had to pay \$3.25 for manual training materials, so we cleared \$80.72.

We sponsored the treatment of a third grade girl whose hearing was defective.

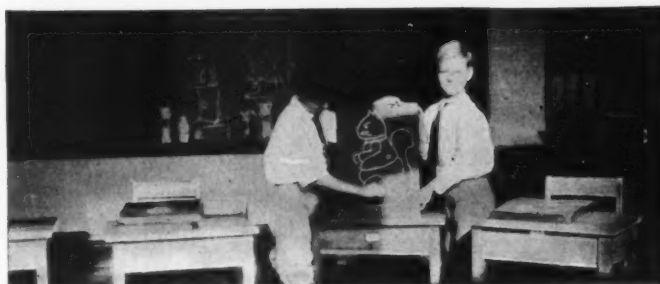
After five of our pupils had been examined at the Wills' Eye Hospital, we had them fitted with glasses. The prescription oculist's bill was \$25.00.

We bought shoes and rubbers—price \$4.33—for children in one family.

Through our County Junior Red Cross Chairman, we forwarded the Atlantic City Chapter \$75, our contribution to the National Children's Fund.

"WE HAVE 'service' banks in each of our rooms at school for the pennies the children save," say the Greencastle, Indiana, members.

"The children find various things to do to earn money for the Service Fund," the Martinsville, Indiana, Juniors report. "Last year one grade building collected over 2½ tons of paper in one half day—rags and iron are gathered—lawns are raked—in fact the children resort to many unique ways. If some child has trouble contributing, his playfellows band with him and all work together. . . . Our money is used for two purposes, dental work and providing milk and wafers



The third grade of the Sophie J. Mee School in Mt. Vernon, N. Y., made 36 stuffed dolls and animals for sick children at Irvington House, where a fifth grade Mee boy was convalescing

for undernourished children unable to pay for them. Last year 169 children were brought up to normal weight."

THIRTY-FOUR Brailled copies (102 volumes) of Miss Upjohn's "Friends in Strange Garments" had been bought by Juniors by the end of 1929 to give to libraries and schools for the blind in the United States. The Pacific Branch members expect soon to have presented a copy to each institution for the blind west of the Rockies. Mrs. C. D. Watson, who Brailles these books in Madison, New Jersey, says the aluminum sheets she writes on are holding up well and ought to print many more copies.

ALONG with their Christmas boxes for Guam, the second Grade of the Buena Vista School, at Miami, Arizona, sent this account of the interesting way they become Juniors:

We are sending you the four boxes we filled. We enjoyed every bit of it and wish we had asked for more. Now, we plan to fill some for the Orphans' Home in Tucson, also for the disabled War veterans.

You asked where we learned of the Junior Red Cross.

We were reading "Learn to Study Readers Book II" and found the story of the "Angel of the Battlefield." Then Miss Stoelzing told about the World War and how the Juniors had sent money to help the nurses.

We wanted to be Juniors too, so one of the class brought a Liberty Bell bank to keep our money for us.

We hope always to be Red Cross members when we grow up.



Juniors of Blackwater Indian School, Arizona, with books sent them by their partner, the Chatsworth Avenue School in Larchmont, N. Y.

TWO hundred and forty pounds of currants have come from the Greek Juniors as "thank yous" for Christmas boxes and are now being distributed.



They went down a ladder into a great kiva where Dwa sat surrounded by his relatives

A Journey to Kachina Land

AN INDIAN LEGEND RETOLD BY ETHEL FOX

Illustrations by Margaret Finnan

LONG ago in the village of Oraibi, Arizona, where many children of the Hopi tribe lived, Polenimka and Kusyamtewa were born. Through the day they played among the peach and apple orchards or climbed the mesas to look for an eagle's nest, to get feathers for their dances. At night they would sit about the doorway and listen to their mother's tales of the Kachinas, or Magic Men, who brought Hopi children good things to eat and small kachina dolls.

These Kachinas, their mother said, lived on the top of the San Francisco Peaks. Eight months of the year they roamed the villages bringing good fortune and plenty of rain. The children looked forward to their coming.

One night after Polenimka and Kusyamtewa had spread their sheepskins and gone to sleep there was a faint tapping at the window. No one moved. Everyone was asleep and it was very dark and quiet. Then a voice said softly: "Polenimka! Kusyamtewa!"

Instantly Kusyamtewa was wide awake, his heart beating fast. But he was afraid to open his eyes and dived farther under the sheepskin.

Again came the voice, as softly as before, but more insistently. "Polenimka! Kusyamtewa!"

His head still under the sheepskin, Kusyamtewa stuck out his hand and pulled at the sheepskin covering his sister.

Polenimka sat straight up.

"What is it?" she demanded. "Why did you waken me?"

"Look, sister, look at the window!"

What Polenimka saw caused her also to scramble quickly underneath the friendly protection of the sheepskin.

Coming right through the window towards them was a light, growing brighter and brighter.

Polenimka and Kusyamtewa dared not look up, until they heard a voice saying:

"Do not be afraid, dear children. I am not here to harm you."

"Wh-who are y-you?" asked Polenimka, in a trembling voice.

"I am Masawistiwa, Father of the Kachinas," the voice replied. "I love little boys and girls."

Up came the heads of Polenimka and Kusyamtewa. Before them stood a tiny Kachina. The upper part of his body was painted in a glowing, golden color, the lower portion was covered by a pure white skirt, while his feet were encased in vivid red boots, such as the Hopi people wear to

their feasts and dances. In one hand he carried a golden rattle and in the other a red bow and arrow.

"What do you want?" inquired Kusyamtewa, no longer afraid.

"Once every year, Dwa, the Sun God, permits me to bring to the Land of the Sun two children who have been good during the entire year. Since you have been on your best behavior, the Kachinas of all the Clans have requested me to bring you to them. Do you wish to go?"

"Yes, yes," cried the children in one voice, and up they jumped from under their sheepskins.

Masawistiwa took from the pockets of his skirt two pairs of golden wings and fastened them to the shoulders of the children. Then out of the window flew all three. Tightly they held to each other as they went up, up, until the village had become a tiny speck of gray in the distance.

When the children found themselves above the stars, and their feeling of strangeness and timidity had worn off, they looked curiously about them. How queer the stars looked upon closer inspection. "Why," thought the children, "they have bodies, heads, arms, legs, eyes and noses just as we have!"

The stars stretched out their arms to them and said:

"Come play with us, little children of the Earth."

"Let us stop and play," begged the children of Masawistiwa.

But the Father of the Kachinas shook his head, saying: "No, time is short. We must hurry."

They passed the Moon who looked like a Buffalo Man, with his body painted a silver gray and the head of a buffalo fastened on his shoulders. The feathers upon the buffalo head stirred all the clouds about him, as they quivered while he danced.

"Come dance with me, children," invited the Moon.

"Oh, I know the Buffalo dance, let us stay," Polenimka suggested to Masawistiwa.

"No," he answered, "we must hurry."

Soon they found themselves going over huge

mountains, their snowy tops glittering like precious stones in the glow from the Moon.

When they came to the middle of the third mountain they began flying downward until their feet touched the earth. They would have fallen but the little golden wings kept them up and steadied them.

"Where are we?" asked Polenimka.

"You are on top of the San Francisco Peaks," their guide answered. "This is the home of Dwa, the Sun God, and of the Hopi Indian who comes here to live permanently when a member of his family speaks harshly to him. Soon you shall see Dwa and also many of your other friends, the Kachinas of all Clans."

They went down a ladder studded with turquoise and ornamented with silver rungs into a great kiva, or underground chamber. The room was very light, for Dwa sat high upon a raised platform and about him played his relatives and helpers, the Sunbeams. Scattered around the sides of the room were hundreds of Kachinas. They wore the head and tails of the Bear, the Fox, the Coyote and the Devil Clans. They surrounded the children with shouts of joy.

"Welcome to Kachina Land," they cried. "Many months have we waited for this visit that we might show you our pretty dances."

"May I dance with you, too?" spoke up Kusyamtewa. "I have danced many times in the village square at home."

The Kachinas consented and after Kusyamtewa was dressed as a Bear Kachina, for he belonged to the Bear Clan, the dance began. How the drums beat and how the dancers shook their rattles! Their loud cries

of "Ay-ah" and the stamping of their feet sounded to the heavens and the people living upon the sides of the mountains thought it was thundering.

When they tired of dancing, they feasted upon piki, a bread made of Indian corn, and on melons, peaches, piñons and apples.

Suddenly from an adjoining room, there arose



Instantly Kusyamtewa was wide awake but he was afraid to open his eyes

a great hissing and rattling. "What is that?" Polenimka inquired of a Kachina near her.

"Those are the snakes," replied his friend.

"Let's go visit them," said Polenimka.

Hand in hand the children stepped into the next room. A pretty Rattlesnake came forward and, rising on his tail, shook his rattles, saying:

"Welcome, my pretty children," and he bobbed his head up and down vigorously.

Kusyamteawa drew back, but Polenimka was a brave little soul and she spoke up very politely:

"Thank you, Rattlesnake Boy. I am surprised to find you here. My parents have always told me that you lived in the Underworld, and that we must always be very nice to you, because you bring us rain and good fortune."

"You are right, Polenimka," answered Rattlesnake Boy. "We do inhabit the Underworld, but we asked permission of Father Dwa to come and thank you and all the rest of the Hopi boys and girls for your kindness to us."

"Will you dance the Snake Dance for us, then?" inquired Kusyamteawa.

"No," replied Rattlesnake Boy. "Father Dwa would punish us. But in the month of August when the Hopi Indians need rain, we shall go out into the land where your people dwell, and live among the rocks so that the Snake Priests may catch us and dance with us. When we are released after the dance, we will visit the Gods of the Underworld and ask them to send rain to Hopiland that your crops may grow."

The children were disappointed but promised to see the Snake Dance in August. Bidding the snakes good-bye, they went back to the kiva of the Sun God, who shook their hands.

"Have you had a nice time?" Dwa asked.

"Oh, yes," they answered together.

"Before you go home, I will grant you one wish," he said.

"Oh," cried the children, "please, Dwa, let us live with you always."

"I can not do that," was the grave reply. "It would break the hearts of your parents if you should leave them. That is why they speak kindly to you always, for they do not wish you to go away forever. However, you may come to Kachina Land once every year, until it is time for you to live with me always. Meantime, will you take a message to your Chief? Tell him that as the month of January approaches, I shall turn back in my travels and ride high in the heavens in order to give the coming corn and fruit greater warmth and that the planting season may come sooner. Tell him to place his prayer stick covered with feathers in a spot where I shall be able to see it and then I shall know that the Hopi people are ready for warm weather."

"Thank you, kind Dwa," said the children.

"Come," said Masawistiwa, "it is time to go," and he fastened on the pretty golden wings. Out they flew, back again to their home in Oraibi.

"Good-bye, dear children," Masawistiwa said, and immediately the children fell fast asleep.



Barela Mesa

MARY DIETZLER

The Barela Mesa School "bus" leaving the schoolhouse at the end of the day

ONE of the most tucked-away spots imaginable is Barela Mesa south of Trinidad, Colorado. Yet it has a school in which eight nationalities are represented and there is a Junior Red Cross organization. As a field representative of the Red Cross, I went up there in August.

The mesa rises out of the plains south of Trinidad to an elevation of 10,000 feet above sea level. Completely surrounding it, like a fortification, is a great rim of rock with a fifty-foot drop. It is reached by a shelf road which rises 3,000 feet in

a few miles. To get there at all one has to leave Colorado for a while and cut across New Mexico at Raton. In winter there is skiing in the snowdrifts that bank up against the rock rim.

A Czech woman told me how the winds blow so hard up there that they will not let trees take root. Only one pine has managed to "catch" and now stands out in a lonely silhouette against the rising moon. The snow piles up and up in one deep hole in winter and stays all year, so that in summer children are let down twenty feet by



The "top" of Barela Mesa where the wind blows so hard that trees can't take root. Three children from that farmhouse in the distance go to the Barela Mesa School. At right, the pupils at school

As I said before, eight nationalities are represented—Swedish, Finnish, Czechoslovakian, Jugoslavian, Mexican, German, Canadian and



a rope through a narrow opening into the snow cave below to send up buckets of fresh hard snow for freezing ice cream.

When the train whistle can be heard from Raton, 3,000 feet below the mesa, then the people up there know it is going to rain. The soil on the mesa is very fertile, though the season is late and short. In August come masses of spring wild flowers. More than forty varieties are native to the "top" and many more crowd up the steep canyons to decorate the sheer drop of the rock rim without ever actually scaling the walls. Perhaps the ferns there choke them off.

I spent the whole day and part of the night at Barela Mesa. This was the time of the annual visit of the County Agent and a school exhibition and community party had been planned. School is held only in the summer, as winter is a closed season. Besides the exhibition in the afternoon, there was a watermelon party. About five o'clock everyone went home across the fields to attend to the evening chores, but by nine o'clock—the twilight lasts long on the mesa—the whole community was back to see the movie of Jackie Coogan in "Johnnie Get Your Hair Cut," which the Agent had brought up from Trinidad, motor and all. The little frame schoolhouse was packed to the limit and everyone enjoyed the rare treat.

The school enrollment at Barela Mesa is twelve.

American. At the school party in the afternoon, with the Stars and Stripes flying from all the school windows and draping the walls inside, the children sang our patriotic songs in eight different accents. Charlie Grubelnick, who played the part of the judge in a little scene, was from Czechoslovakia. I think he is a United States president in the making. Herbert Hoover may have looked like that as a boy and shown the same dignity and force. Mary Bisetta, a small Italian girl of six who had lived on the mesa last year, was back visiting some cousins who had come from Jugoslavia. Mary gave a special dance to the music from the victrola. She wore the red tam, white blouse and bright plaid skirt and shoulder scarf of her people's peasant community in the Province of Novara in the Italian Alps.

The schoolhouse is the community center and it is used and loved. The children have re-enrolled in the Junior Red Cross. When I was there they were planning to make a school correspondence album of pressed wild flowers of the mesa. The school is bringing together all the different nationalities there into one American community.

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ロコトフカチノ洋西ト本日



Differences Between American and Japanese Customs

THIS drawing was in an album which a school in Japan sent to a school in the United States. You will notice right away that, in true Japanese style, the pictures read from right to left instead of from left to right. The captions to the pictures say:

1. In Japan we write vertically, while in your country you write horizontally.

2. One picture shows the way you sharpen your pencils in America and the other shows the way we sharpen ours in Japan.

3. In Japan we use an umbrella made of paper, while in America you use one made of cloth of silk.

4. We put stamps on a letter in the left-hand corner. In America, you put yours in the right-hand corner.

5. In Japan, when we call a person, we use the gesture shown in the picture. In America, you place your hand in a different position, as is shown in the picture.

6. In Japan, when we read a book, we start from the back and read towards the front. In America you read from the front to the back.

7. In Japan we sleep on the floor which is made of straw. The mattresses are made of cotton and are spread on the floor. In America you sleep on a bed.

8. In Japan we sit on the floor, while in America you sit on chairs.

9. In Japan we use chopsticks when we eat; in America you use knives and forks.

10. In Japan, when we greet each other, we bow, while in America you shake hands.

